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SEYMOUR DURST

ORT NEW AMSTERDAM (NEW YORK), 165

When you leave, please leave this book
Because it has been said
"Ever'thing comes t' him who waits
Except a loaned book."

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[redacted]

AVERY
DURST

THE

PROMPTER;

OR A

COMMENTARY

ON

COMMON SAYINGS AND SUBJECTS,

WHICH ARE FULL OF COMMON SENSE,
THE BEST SENSE IN THE WORLD.

"To *see* all *others* faults, and *feel* our *own*."

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THE

PREFACE.

A PROMPTER is the man who, in plays, ſits behind the ſcenes, and looks over the rehearſer, and with a moderate voice, corrects him when wrong, or aſſiſts his recollection, when he forgets the next ſentence. A Prompter then ſays but little, *but that little is* very neceſſary, *and often does* much good. *He helps the actors on the ſtage at a dead lift, and enables them to go forward with ſpirit and propriety.*

The writer of this little book took it into his head to prompt *the numerous actors upon the great theatre of life; and he ſincerely believes that his motive was to do good. He caſt about to find the method of writing calculated to do the moſt* general *good. He wanted to whip vice and folly out of the country—he thought of Hudibraſs and M'Fingal*

—and pondered well whether he ſhould attempt the maſterly ſtile of thoſe writings. He found this would not do—for like moſt modern rhymers, he is no poet, and he always makes bungling work at imitation.

The Prompter thought of the grave diction of ſober moral writers, and the pompous flowing ſtile of modern hiſtorians. Fame began now to prick up his vanity to try an imitation of the great Dr. Robertſon, Dr. Johnſon, and Mr. Gibbon, thoſe giants of literature. He thought, if he could muſter dollars enough to buy a ſtile mill, *which thoſe heroes of ſcience undoubtedly uſed to cut out ſentences for their works, he ſhould ſucceed to a tittle. But then it occurred to him, that when he had cut and ſhaped his periods into exact ſquares, diamonds, pentagons, parallelograms, and other mathematical figures, they might not contain very clear, preciſe, definite ideas—One half of his readers would not underſtand him. The* ſtile mill *then, or as ſome people contemptuouſly call*

it,

it, the word mill, *would not anſwer the Prompter's purpoſe of* doing as much good *as poſſible, by making men* wiſer *and* better.

At length he determined to have nothing to do with a brilliant flow of words, a pompous elegance of diction—for what have the world *to do with the ſound of words? The Prompter's buſineſs is with the world at large, and the maſs of mankind are concerned only with* common *things. A diſh of high ſeaſoned turtle is rarely found; it ſometimes occurs at a gentleman's table, and then the chance is, it produces a ſurfeit. But good ſolid roaſt beef is a common diſh for all men; it ſits eaſy on the ſtomach; it ſupports, it ſtrengthens, and invigorates. Vulgar ſayings and proverbs, ſo much deſpiſed by the literary epicures, the Cheſterfields of the age, are the pith and marrow of ſcience. They contain the experience, the wiſdom of nations and ages, compreſſed into the compaſs of a nut ſhell. To crack*

the

the ſhell and extract the contents, to feed thoſe who have appetites, is the aim of this little book.

There is nothing new in the field of knowledge. Every thing that a writer can now ſay, has been ſaid before, times without number. But the manner *of telling truths, may be almoſt infinitely diverſified, and he whoſe* manner *of writing takes moſt general and effectual hold of the human mind, will be the moſt uſeful writer. All a writer can now do is to vary his ſtile, ſo as to make common things appear new; and this is all the Prompter has attempted. One thing the reader may be aſſured of, the Prompter has no malice towards one of the human race; and there is not in this book* one perſonal reflection.

Connecticut, 1791.

THE

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER I.

A Bellows.

A BELLOWS is a very uſeleſs piece of houſehold furniture! The blackſmith and the ſilverſmith muſt have a bellows; but in a family there is no need of a bellows. Dr. Franklin has ſaid, *time is money.* The Prompter ſays, *common ſenſe is money.* If wood is ſo laid upon the hearth, that it will not burn as well *without* blowing as *with* it, the man who lays it, is not the wiſer for experience, nor has he improved by facts within his daily obſervation.

My friend, Jack Lounger, puts his coals and brands on the hearth, and piles the wood above; then goes to work with the bellows. He blows till the room is full of ſmoke—he makes a little blaze—he ſtops—the blaze ſubſides—then he plies the bellows,

till

till he is quite vexed—the fire takes its own time—Nature will not be hurried.

Billy Trim, with the ſame advantages for improvement, has attended more to the principles of nature. He lays a foreſtick near the log, but not contiguous to it—he places the brands of fire and large coals on the top, leaving ſmall openings of half an inch or an inch, then lays wood looſely over the coals. The aſhes below are removed—a current of air aſcends—the fire brightens, and ſoon enkindles into a flame. Billy Trim calls this "Nature's bellows"—every perſon can make it—it coſts nothing—*common ſenſe is money.*

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER II.

Green Wood will laſt longer than Dry.

SO will *ſtraw* for cattle laſt longer than *hay.* But the queſtion is, which will make the *beſt* fire and *moſt* heat. Aſk the diſtiller—the brickmaker—the potter—Theſe people will tell you that dry wood will make *more* heat, as well as give it more ſteadily than green. It is a ſlovenly practice to burn

green

green wood. You lay a pile of green wood over the fire—it will not burn—You get kindlers, which make a blaze—you blow it with the bellows—it smokes; after half an hour's work, the juices of the wood are so far evaporated that the wood just begins to burn. For some time you have a roasting fire. Then the fire decays, and the room being well heated, you neglect the fire, till a few coals only remain. Then you pile on another supply of green wood, which requires another half hour's labor, while you are freezing with cold.

THE Prompter says, burn dry wood, except for logs—put on but a stick or two at once; this will make a fire immediately without a bellows and without trouble. As soon as the fire subsides, feed it again with a single stick—thus keeping the air of your room of uniform temperance. This will heat your room *better* with *less* wood.

CUT your wood in January and February, when it has the least sap—cut it up or saw it, and lay it in your wood house. Then you will not be vexed for wood in summer, nor with smoaking away the sap of green wood with bellows blowing.

"BUT I have no wood house." Then you want a very necessary building. If you *cannot* cover your wood, be content to pile it in the open air, six months before burning.

THE

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER III.

The Fidgets.

THIS is my text. When a man or woman is very reſtleſs, and has many oddities, he or ſhe is ſaid to *fidget*. A man who would not marry, for fear of the expenſe of a family, but will keep twenty ducks to feed and a dozen cats and dogs to play with, gets the name of an odd old bachelor—In truth he has the *fidgets*. The lonely maiden of fifty, whoſe companions are a pair of monkies, half a dozen puppies or ſquirrels, and perhaps, for a pretty little pet, a huge bear, or maſtiff, is ſaid to *fidget*. A man who is fairly *hyp'd*, and a hyſtericky woman, are remarkable for fidgets. They are much laughed at for their oddities. But thoſe who think theſe are the only people who have the fidgets, think wide of the truth. Theſe have only *domeſtick* fidgets; but the fidgets is a diſorder as various in its operations and appearances as a fever. Simple fidgets, in the firſt ſtage, is like a ſlow fever—it is not violent, but ſticks faſt to the patient. When the diſorder riſes to what is vulgarly called the *tantrums*, it then reſembles the fever and ague. But in the laſt ſtages, when it

ariſes

ariſes to what is called *blue devils*, it is like an inflammatory or malignant fever. When the violence of the diſorder abates, it often becomes of the putrid kind, and the patient is intolerable.

How little do men obſerve the moſt obvious things. I know fifty men who are in the laſt ſtages of the fidgets, and the byſtanders have not found out their diſeaſe. The moſt dangerous kind of fidgets is the *political fidgets*. It begins with univerſal itching; and the patient is often ſeen ſcratching his head and back, as he walks along the ſtreets. Now the itch is ſaid to be occaſioned by little animalcules in the ſkin; ſo the fidgets, I apprehend, with deference to the faculty, may be occaſioned by a vermicular animal in the brain. Why not? The madneſs of dogs is ſaid to ariſe from a little worm under the tongue, and the political fidgets in the laſt ſtages reſembles the hydrophobia to a tittle. The patient begins with ſimpleſcratching; ſoon he begins to bite and ſnarl: He then becomes incoherent; and in his laſt ravings, nothing can be heard but congreſs—treaſon—election—ſix dollars a day. All the world cries out the man is mad. No ſuch thing! he is only *fidgety*.

But of all fidgets which have fallen under my obſervations, the moſt laughable is the *purſe*

fidgets. This shows itself in a variety of ways in different professions. The lawyer, when he has this disorder, cries—adjournment—continuance—false verdict—my client is wronged—I'll have a new trial. The physician exclaims, poh! talk of incurables! the belly ach—consumption—cancers—come to me in season. The pious parson has the offer of a parish with a salary of one hundred pounds a year—he doubts whether he has a call from heaven—he protracts—he has another offer of one hundred and thirty pounds—his doubts are removed—he sees clearly he has a *call.* Now what is all this but the *purse fidgets.*

But look ye to the merchant for the purse fidgets. Here it shews itself at first by the patient's whispering about *cheap—cheap*—then the patient enters the *church*, or the *lodge*, to secure the custom of the brethren—then he becomes a fanatic in religion—talks with the minister and the deacon—goes to the night meetings—finally the patient begins to rave—here we go—give the lead in cheapness—penny on the shilling—come and see—goods *must* be sold—cut and slash—cheap as dirt—ho, ho, ho!—What is this but *purse fidgets?* When a man bellows and blusters, let us be out of harm's way. A beggar wraps his handkerchief about his leg—he limps wofully while in

sight

sight—he gets his penny—but out of sight, he walks as straight as an arrow. When my family go to town a shopping, I tell them to shun *cheap shops*, for the owners have the fidgets—the *purse fidgets*—the worst kind of fidgets. Reputation is dear to us—no man makes himself a fool for *nothing*—he has his views—if he sells one or two articles very *cheap*, it is ten to one, he'll cheat us in every thing else.

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER IV.

A Nose.

WHAT of a *Nose?* Tristram Shandy has said much of noses, which I shall not repeat. I was in company the other day, with a friend of mine who had been reading Lavater on Physiognomy. He was struck, it seems, with Lavater's remark, that the *nose is the index of a man's abilities.* If the nose grows from end to end in a line with the forehead, so that a line drawn from the forehead to the tip of the nose, will strike the nose at both ends, it is said to be an infallible proof that the man who wears the nose, has little genius.

genius. But when the nose peeps out the head close upon a line with the eyes, so that a line from the forehead to the tip of the nose leaves a deep hollow in the nose between the eyes, there, says Lavater, is the index of genius. What of all this? Nothing indeed; but I am determined to take a trip to New Haven, and examine the noses of our *Reps*. For logick says, if the nose on one man's face is an index of *his* genius; the noses of the *Reps* of the State will furnish an index of the genius of the *whole State*.

GENTLE reader! It would amuse the Prompter to see thee, after reading this, take a peep in the glass at thy *own nose*.

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER V.

The Under Lip.

MOST people think the lips are made merely to cover the teeth, and to kiss and be kissed. This is not true; for they do not always cover the teeth—in some faces, a projecting tooth is the first thing that presents itself

itſelf to view; nor are the lips always uſed for kiſſing, for ſome nations kiſs the cheek, or a hand, or an ear. But to my purpoſe; a lip, like Lavater's noſe, may be an index of the mind. I paſs over all kinds of lips, but the *large, hanging, drivling under lip.* This ſort of lip ſavours of the drone. It is the enemy of all order, neatneſs and induſtry. I had rather have Mary Magdalen's ſeven devils in the family, than one *huge drivling under lip.* Nay, I would as ſoon employ a man, with Lavater's ſtraight noſe, to make laws for the State, as a man or a woman with a monſtrous under lip, to labour for me. Nature has been kind enough to hang, upon every man's face, the ſign of the commodities for market within. Then look at the ſign before you make a bargain.

YET, in avoiding the *lip of dulneſs*, don't run againſt edge tools. A *thin* pair of lips, that make good joints, are uſually wrought of good ſtuff, well *tempered* by nature, and honed to a razor's edge. Touch them and they cut. Look to that, gentle reader.

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER VI.

The Grace of God in Dollars.

I MET a fat plump faced Speculator, the other day, ſtaggering under a heavy canvaſs bag. With true yankee freedom I aſked him what he had in his bag. "*The Grace of God*," replied the wag. Ah, ſaid I, I have often heard of that article, but never ſaw it in a bag. By this time he had ſlipped his hand into the bag, and, taking out a dollar, "there," ſaid he, "*Dei Gratia*, Carolus III, is ſtamped upon the face of every dollar in the bag." I was ſurpriſed to hear a Speculator ſay, he had the *Grace of God*, eſpecially ſuch a load as to ſtagger under it; but upon his explaining himſelf, my ſurpriſe ceaſed, and I ſmiled. He had cleared three hundred dollars, that morning, by the ſale of publick paper—He was too much pleaſed with the abundance of his *grace* to ſtand diſcuſſing nice points—and we parted.

THE

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER VII.

Every One to his Notion.

MOST certainly; and the Prompter to *his* notion of courſe. If a man is a little *odd in his way*, as we vulgarly phraſe it, or what the French call *outré*, his friends ſay, he is a *notional creature*, or *full of notions*. And where is the man or woman living, that is not *full of notions?* Even Congreſs have their notions. One of the moſt diſtinguiſhed *ſpouters* in that honorable body will inſiſt upon it that the Speaker of the Houſe of Repreſentatives is next in rank to the PRESIDENT. This man is certainly a *notional creature;* but *every one to his notion.* Others have contended warmly that their reſidence ought to be fixed in the woods about Conegocheague; but it is beſt to remove thither *by little and little.* Is not this a *notion?*

THE Legiſlature of Maſſachuſetts, ſome years ago, took it into their heads to kill the profeſſion of the Law by a queer act; but the attempt failed. People would ſtill go to lawyers, and lawyers would live, where people would em-

ploy

ploy them. But the General Court was full of *notions*. Let lawyers multiply till a famine of buſineſs come upon them, and then they will die like Egyptian frogs.

A NEIGHBOUR of mine, who is a *full grown man*, aſſerts that the ſurface of the ocean is higher than the land, and that by a conſtant miraculous reſtraint of the Almighty, the water is kept from overflowing the earth. His opinion is founded on thoſe words of ſcripture, *the bounds are ſet*. This man is *full of notions*. Don't laugh at my neighbour, gentle reader; for I'll bet ten to one, that in ſome other particular, thou art juſt as *notional* thyſelf.

LOVE is the moſt *notional* paſſion; not excepting ambition and ſuperſtition. I once knew a woman, who had a very amiable daughter, declare, it was *monſtrous indelicate* for a young lady *to love a man*. She might love an elegant houſe, a carriage, and even money: But to love *a man's perſon* was ſhocking. But *every one to her notion*.

WHEN I was a young man, I knew an attorney who was attached to what is called *family*; that is, whoſe family, by good luck, had ſtripped off their woollen ſhirts and checked aprons, juſt one generation before, and kept them off, till their companions, who had aſſociated with them in the woollen dreſs, were moſtly dead.

The

The attorney had not wore linen ſhirts ſo long by ten years as this *family*; and yet had the aſſurance to fall in love with one of the daughters. The man however did not meet with cold looks from the daughter——but the parents walked a tip toe at the affront offered *their family*. The daughter was *notional* as well as the parents—they intended to have *their notion*, but ſhe had *her's*—and a very *good notion* it was, for a more happy couple does not exiſt.

But the queereſt of all notions is, that parents will not permit a daughter, no not even a ſon, to love for himſelf. I know a widow with a family of likely daughters, who inſiſts upon it that her daughters do not know how to love for themſelves—ſhe therefore means to love for them. She is a queer woman, and a notional creature;—*but every one to his notion.*

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER VIII.

He does not Work it Right.

WHAT a vulgar ſaying the Prompter has ſelected for his text in this number! Yet theſe vulgar ſayings are often full of good ſenſe.

I KNEW

I KNEW a young man who left the army with an invincible attachment to gambling. He followed it closely till he had lost most of his wages—he then purchased a shop of goods, mostly on credit—he had his nightly frolicks —*he kept it up*—he was a blood of the first rate —his goods were soon gone and not paid for —his creditors called, and he began to cry *peccavi*—in fact, *he did not work it right.* But his friends helped him out of six scrapes, yea out of seven. At length necessity broke his spirits—it tamed him—he married—became a man of business—recovered his lost credit—and now *he works it right.*

I OFTEN say to myself, as I ride about the country, what a pity it is our farmers *do not work it right.* When I see a man turn his cattle into the street to run at large and waste their dung, during a winter's day, I say this man does not work it right. Ten loads of good manure, at least, is lost, in a season by this slovenly practice—and all for what? For nothing indeed, but to ruin a farm.

So when I see cattle, late in the fall or early in the spring, rambling, in a meadow or mowing field, pouching the soil and breaking the grass roots, I say to myself, this man *does not work it right.*

So

So when I see a barn yard with a drain to it, I say the owner *does not work it right;* for how easy it is to make a yard hollow, or lowest in the middle, to receive all the wash of the sides, which will be thus kept dry for the cattle. The wash of the yard, mixed with any kind of earth, or putrid straw, is the best manure in the world—yet how much do our farmers lose! in fact they *do not work it right.*

When I pass along the road and see a house with clapboards hanging an end with one nail, and old hats and cloths stuffed into the broken windows, and the fences tumbling down or destroyed, I conclude the owner loves rum—in truth, he *does not work it right.*

When I see a man frequently attending courts, I suspect he *does not work it right.*

When I see a countryman often go to the retailer's with a bottle, or the labouring man carrying home a bottle of rum after his work is done on Saturday night, I am certain the man *does not work it right.*

When a farmer divides a farm of one hundred acres of land among five or six sons, and builds a small house for each, and sets them to work for a living on a little patch of land, I question whether *he works it right.* And when these sons are afterwards unable to live on these mutilated farms, and are compelled

by

by a hoſt of children, to go to work by the day to get bread, I believe they are all convinced that they *have not worked it right.*

When a man tells me his wife will not conſent to go from home into new ſettlements, where he may have land enough and live like a nabob, and therefore he is obliged to ſit down on a corner of his father's farm, I laugh at him, and ſome time or other he will own, *he has not worked it right.*

A man in trade who is not punctual in his payments, certainly *does not work it right*; nor does the man who truſts his goods to *any body* and *every body.*

Whether in Congreſs or a kitchen, the perſon who *talks much* is *little regarded.* Some members of Congreſs then certainly *do not work it right.* A hint to the wife is ſufficient; but twenty hints have not been ſufficient to ſilence the clamorous tongues of ſome Congreſſional ſpouters.

Family government gives complexion to the manners of a town; but when we ſee, every where, children profane, indelicate, rude, ſaucy, we may depend on it their *parents do not work it right.*

I once knew a young man of excellent hopes, who was deeply in love with a lady—The firſt time he had an opportunity to whiſper in her ear, and before he had made any

impreſſion

impreſſion on her heart in his favor, he ſighed out his ſorrowful tale to her, in full explanation: The lady was frightened—ſhe ſoon rid herſelf of the diſtreſſed lover; ſhe ſaid *he did not work it right.*

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER IX.

It will Do for the Preſent.

THIS common ſaying does as much miſchief in ſociety, as *rum* or a *peſtilence*. If I hear a man, whether a farmer, a mechanic, or any other perſon, often repeat that ſaying, and appear to act from the opinion, that *it will do for the preſent*, I rely on it he is a ſloven, a drone, or ſomething worſe. I never knew ſuch a man thrive.

A YOUNG man ſetting out in life, is in haſte to be married. He wants a houſe to live in, but is not fully able to build one. Yet his pride requires a large ſhowy houſe. At laſt, between poverty and pride, he determines to build a large houſe, but not to finiſh it till he is *more able*. He ſets up a large two

ſtory houſe, with four rooms in a ſtory—he covers it and paints it—This is a ſhowy houſe—his pride exults to ſee paſſengers ſtare at his elegant houſe—But tho' *pride* governs the *outſide*, *poverty* reigns *within*—he can finiſh but two rooms, half finiſh one or two more—and lay a looſe floor above to ſpread his corn upon—This elegant manſion houſe then is a granary—a corn houſe—The man and a litter of children below—and rats and mice above—But the man ſays, *it will do for the preſent.* True, but the man has but twenty or thirty acres of land, or an indifferent trade—his family grows faſter than his income—he is not able to finiſh his houſe—The covering ſoon decays and admits water—the houſe falls to pieces—the man is forced poor into the wilderneſs, or he and his children loiter about, dependent on their neighbours for ſubſiſtence by day labor.

I KNOW one of theſe *do-for-the-preſent farmers* who never effectually repairs his fences; but when a breach is made, he fills it with a buſh that a ſheep may remove--if a rail is broke, and another is not at hand, he takes the next billet of wood, inſerts one end in the poſt, and ties up the other with elm or hickory bark—he ſays, *this will do for the preſent.* His cattle learn to be unruly—to remedy the evil,

fetters,

fetters, ſhackles, clogs, yokes, and what he calls *pokes*, are invented—and his cattle and horſes are doomed to hobble about their paſture with a hundred weight of wooden or iron machines upon their feet and necks. The man himſelf, in two years, ſpends time enough in patching up his fences and making fetters, to make a good effectual fence round his whole farm, which would want very little repair in twenty years.

In family affairs, theſe *do-for-the-preſent folks* double their neceſſary labor—They labor hard to put things *out of order*, and then it requires nearly the ſame work to put them into order again. A man uſes an axe, a hoe, a ſpade, and throws it down where he uſes it, inſtead of putting it in its proper place, under cover. Expoſed to the weather, tools do not laſt more than half ſo long, as when kept houſed; but this is not all—A ſloven leaves the tool where he laſt uſed it—or throws it down any where at random—In a few days he wants it again—he has forgot where he left it—he goes to look for it—he ſpends perhaps half an hour in ſearch of it, or walks a diſtance to get it—This time is loſt, for it breaks in upon ſome other buſineſs—the loſs of this ſmall portion of time appears trifling; but ſlovens and ſluts incur ſuch loſſes every day; and the loſs of theſe little ſcraps of time determine

termine a man's fortune. Let the Prompter make a little calculation—A farmer, whoſe family expends one hundred pounds a year, if he can clear ten pounds a year, is a thriving man. In order to get his one hundred and ten pounds, ſuppoſe he labors ten hours a day: In this caſe, if he loſes an *hour* every day, in repairing the careleſſneſs of the day before, (and every ſloven and every ſlut loſes more time than this, every day, for want of care and order) he loſes a *tenth* part of his time—a *tenth* part of his income—this is *eleven pounds*. Such a man cannot thrive—he muſt grow poorer, for want of *care*, of *order*, of *method*.

So it is with a woman. A neat woman who does buſineſs thoroughly, keeps things *in order* with about *half the labor* that a ſlut employs, who keeps things forever *out of order*. If a pail or kettle is uſed, it is directly made clean, fit for other uſes, and put in its place.---When it is wanted, it is ready. But a ſlut uſes an article and leaves it *any where*, dirty, unfit for uſe another time---By and by it is wanted and cannot be found---"Moll, where did you leave the kettle?" "I han't had the kettle, Nab had it laſt"---"Nab, did you have the kettle?" "Yes, but it is dirty"—

So

So the kettle is found, but it is a half hour's work to fit it for the purpoſe required; in the mean time, the neceſſary buſineſs muſt lie by.—Yet this woman ſays, when ſhe does any thing, *it will do for the preſent.*

I HAVE only to add, that I went to church, on a late cold Sunday, when a neighbouring clergyman officiated. He had ſpoken to his *fifteenthly*, when the clock ſtruck *one*. Every man was ſhivering with the cold and ſhuffling his feet—the parſon took the hint, and broke off with, "*this will do for the preſent.*"

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER X.

It will Do for the Preſent.—Part II.

CUSTOM, with an iron rod, rules four fifths of mankind. My *father* planted corn on a certain piece of land—it anſwered well—*I* do the ſame, though it does not anſwer well. My neighbour ſuch a one, tells me that I had better try a change of crops, deep ploughing, or ſowing turnips, or clover; it may be the land will recruit; but my neigh-

bour is notional and fond of *new things*. *I* do not like projects. My father did so before me, and *it does for the present*.

So says the Virginian Planter; he has raised tobacco on a field, until the soil is exhausted; he knows not how to fertilize the land again; his only resource is to clear a new spot, and take the benefit of nature's manure. *This does for the present*. But when his land is *all* impoverished, what will he do? Go to Kentucky; as the New England men to Genesee. But when the western world is all peopled, what will our *do-for-the-present folks* do for good land? The answer is easy; necessity will compel them to use *common sense*; and common sense will soon make old poor land rich again. When farmers learn *to work it right* they will keep it good, for the Prompter ventures to assert, that a *proper tillage* will forever keep land good. How does nature *work it?* Why nature covers land with herbage; that herbage withers and rots upon the land; and gradually forms a rich black mould. But farmers, when they have used land till it will bear *no crops*, let it lie without seeding it. No herbage grows on the land, till the weeds and a little grass creep in by chance; after three or four years, the farmer plows it for a

crop,

crop, and has a job at killing weeds. Surely the man *does not work it right*; but he says, *this will do for the present.*

But no *body* is so apt to put off things with, *it will do for the present*, as *corporate bodies*. If the navigation of a river wants improvement, the *public body*, that is, *any body*, *every body*, and *no body*, immediately exclaims, "how did our *fathers* get along—the river did well enough for *them*—*it must do for the present.*" If a bad law exists, by which the *public money* is to be collected in the *worst manner* that can be imagined; or if a constitution is defective, in permitting the same men to be *makers* and *judges* of a law; or the same men to rejudge a cause in a *higher* court, which they have before judged in a *lower* court; or which makes a legislature of two hundred men, a Supreme Court, to review the decisions of all inferior courts, and reverse their judgments; or if a constitution has *no executive at all*, and a *judiciary power* dependent on the annual votes of two hundred men, which is little better than *none*; I say, if a man proposes any reformation in these particulars, the public body says, away with your *projects*; *let us go n in the good old way*; *it will do for the present.* So in little public bodies, a town or a city, the poor must be provided

for,

for, bridges muſt be built, roads muſt be repaired—How? By a tax, or by labor. Is it beſt to raiſe money enough this year to pay the town debt? No, ſays the town. We will raiſe *almoſt* enough; *this will do for the preſent.* Let a little debt accrue every year, till the whole will make a *ſhilling tax*, and pay the whole at once. Put off, put off, ſays the town. *And ſo ſays the ſinner.*

A BRIDGE muſt be built. Is it beſt to build a good one; of ſtone, or ſome materials that will laſt? No, it will coſt *more*, ſays the town; a wooden bridge *will do for the preſent.* The water may carry it away; it will decay, and ſomebody may break his neck by its fall; but no matter, *it muſt do for the preſent.*

I WILL cloſe with the following ſhort, but pertinent letter, which I have lately received from an unknown hand.

To the PROMPTER.

SIR,

In your laſt number do you mean me?

A. B.

To A. B.

SIR,

I *DO*, and all that are like you, between *A* and *Z*; and you have not on earth a better friend than the *PROMPTER.*

THE

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER XI.

To the PROMPTER.

SIR,

How ſhould I Work it?

A. Z.

ACCORDING to what is to be done. If you will do a *great deal* and do it *well*, write in large letters and paſte up over the fire place of your keeping room, the following maxim of the great *De Wit*, penſionary of Holland, *do one thing only at a time.*

ARE you a farmer? keep each kind of work as much as poſſible by itſelf. Don't run to half a dozen fields in a day and work a little in each, unleſs neceſſity obliges you to do it. That work which may be done at any time, ſhould be done in the winter, or when you have leiſure. Get wood in winter and cover it. If I ſee a man in *midſt of harveſt*, forced to go after a load of wood, I am ſure he *has not worked it right.* Keep a complete ſet of inſtruments or tools. When I ſee a man running to one neighbour after a fan, and

to

to another after a ſhovel, I ſet him down not only as poor, but as *doomed* to be poor. His neighbour's fan or his ſhovel *will do for the preſent*, but the occaſions for them occur often, and how much time and labour are loſt in going after them! If you would work to advantage, keep a complete ſet of utenſils for your buſineſs; keep them *houſed*, that they may laſt long; and in *their place*, that you may eaſily find them.

Do not run in debt to buy land. Land will not generally ſupport a family, and pay taxes and *intereſt* on its value. If you have but a ſmall piece of land, cultivate it well, make it produce as much as poſſible; and if you can get more than will maintain you from this little farm, lay out the ſurplus in buying more. If you cannot get more than a ſubſiſtence, it is time to think of leſſening expenſes, or ſelling out and buying new land. Depend on it, farmers who pay intereſt *do not work it right.*

NEVER do work to the halves. If you build a houſe or a barn, lay a plan that is within your power, and then *finiſh* what you begin. For want of the *laſt* half, the *firſt* is often totally loſt.

NEVER buy rum on credit, nor until you have laid up money enough to pay your year's taxes. Then a little rum will taſte good.

The

The man who drinks rum before it is paid for, *does not work it right.* His appetite runs away with his purſe and his judgment too.

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER XII.

To the PROMPTER.

SIR,

How ſhould I Work it?

ARE you a parent? Then you have a hard taſk to be both the *friend* and the *maſter* of your children; and if you are not *both, you do not work it right.* Sometimes you are the fond indulgent parent; nothing is too good for the darling; he may pout and ſtrike, or kick over the tea kettle, cups and glaſſes; and you will juſt moderately ſay, "why Billy, how you behave; that is not pretty; I ſhan't love you for that." At other times you are in a pet, and the child by *accident*, in mere play, or in attempting to drink, lets fall a tumbler, or a tea cup; you fly at him and

fall

fall on him like a maſtiff, and cuff his ears and ſhake him to a jelly. In the *firſt* caſe, you are the *weak ſilly dupe* of your child; in the *laſt*, you are the *tyrant*, the *madman*; thus *you do not work it right.* Hear what the Prompter ſays. Never ſtrike your child *in a paſſion*; never puniſh him for *accidental miſchief*; never *fail* to puniſh him for *obſtinate diſobedience*, or *wilful miſchief*---and, a word to you in particular, when you have *real cauſe* to correct him, never ceaſe, till his temper gives way, and he becomes *really ſubmiſſive.* A blow or two only raiſes his anger and increaſes wilful obſtinacy; if you quit him then, you do hurt rather than good---you make your child worſe. And if you continue to apply the rod, till his mind bends and ſoftens down into humble ſupplication, believe me, that child will rarely or never want a ſecond correction; the Prompter has tried it in repeated inſtances.

But, ſay ſome folks, the rod ſhould be ſparingly uſed. True---but as moſt people uſe it, one correction only makes way for another, and frequent whippings harden the child, till they have no effect. Now mind the Prompter---*two ſimple rules*, if obſerved, will prevent this. 1ſt. *Never puniſh a child when he does not deſerve it.* 2d. *When he does deſerve*

deserve it, make the first punishment EFFECTUAL. If you strike a child for *accidental* mischief, or for what he does *ignorantly*, or in *good humour*, the child is not conscious he has done wrong —he is *grieved* at first---if such punishment is frequent, it excites indignation---he is angry with his parent, and thinks him cruel---then correction does more hurt than good.

I SINCERELY believe that *nine* times out of *ten*, the bad conduct of children is owing to parents! yet parents father most of it upon Adam and the devil.

PARENTS then *do not work it right*---They work it thus---A child wants an apple---and a child is governed by *appetite*, not by *reason*---the parent says *he must not have it;* but he says it with a simple, unmeaning tone of voice, that makes no impression on the child---The child cries for the apple: The parent is angry, and tells him, he shant have the apple; the child bawls, and perhaps strikes his little brother, or throws down a glass in anger---At last the parent is tired with the noise, and to appease the child, gives him the apple. Does this parent *work it right?* So far from it, that he loses the little authority he had over the child---the order of things is changed---the child is the *master;* and when the child has been master a few months, you may as well

break his *neck* as his *will*. A thouſand laſhes on a young *maſter's* back will not do ſo much as one *deciſive command*, before he becomes *maſter* of his parents.

Now liſten to my advice---the idea is *new*. A child does not regard ſo much *what* a parent ſays as *how* he ſays it. A child looks at a parent's eye, when he ſpeaks---and then he reads intuitively *what* his parent means, and *how much* he means. If a parent ſpeaks with *an air of indifference*, *without emphaſis*, or looks another way when he ſpeaks, the child pays little or no regard to what he ſays. (I ſpeak of a young child, over whom a parent has not yet eſtabliſhed an authority.) But if a parent, when he commands a child to do or not to do, looks at him with the *eye of command*, and ſpeaks with a tone and air of deciſion and authority, the child is impreſſed with this *manner* of commanding, and will ſeldom venture to diſobey. A ſteady uniform authority of this kind, which never varies from its purpoſe, which never gives way to the caprices or appetites of children, which carries every command *into effect*, will prevent the neceſſity of a rod. I am bold to ſay that a parent, who has this ſteady authority, will never have occaſion to correct a child of *common ſenſibility*; and *never but once* a child of *uncommon obſti-*

nacy.

nacy. This is the way every parent and maſter ſhould work it.

But the common practice is, for a parent to throw away his own authority and become the ſlave of his children; and when the young *maſters* grow headſtrong, and commit all manner of miſchief, then the parent complains of old Adam, original ſin, and the devil---and ſwears he'll drive the devil out, or he'll *know the reaſon why*. Then for the *fiſt* and the *rod*.

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER XIII.

It is better to Borrow than to Buy.

SO *ſays* my correſpondent, but he *thinks* as I do. Yes, if you want a thing but *once* in your life, it is better to borrow than to buy. But think of *borrowing* the inſtruments of *every day*, or of *profeſſional* buſineſs! Yes, it is cheaper to *borrow* one thouſand dollars than to *earn* it;---but look ye, when a man has borrowed the money, how much richer is he for it?

it? It is eaſier to go *once* to a neighbour's for a ſhovel, than to work two days to buy it; but alack, a farmer wants a ſhovel a great many times in the year; and the trouble of going after it and returning it, is *intereſt* on the worth of it; yes, *double intereſt*. Now look ye to this, my friend---if a man works two days for a ſhovel he earns it, and he has a ſhovel of his *own*--he is *richer* by the whole value of a ſhovel. But when he goes to borrow it, he labors and gets *nothing*---he may ſpend a week's time in *borrowing*, but where is his ſhovel when he has done? Does he *work it right?*

To the PROMPTER.

SIR,

SUPPOSE public officers to be unfaithful, and ſome thouſands of pounds in arrear: Or ſuppoſe men in the firſt offices of government act like mere old women---*do they work it right?*

TOM QUERIST.

THE Prompter thinks they do not---but they do not work it half ſo *wrong* as thoſe who fill offices with *ſuch men*.

THE

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER XIV.

Come, we'll take the t'other Sip.

THE grog drinker is not the only man who takes the t'other ſip. The drone, the ſluggard opens his eyes upon the morning dawn---he ſtretches---rolls over---gapes---feels drowſy---ſays it is time enough yet---hugs the pillow, and takes the t'other ſip. He naps away a precious hour or two, when he might have earned his breakfaſt.

THE gameſter takes a hand at whiſt in the evening---a hand or two can do no harm---it is an amuſement---a quarter of a dollar a corner is a trifle---his mind is engaged---if he has *loſt* a game, he muſt play another to *win*---if he has won, he hopes to win again---he muſt take the t'other ſip---and the t'other---and the t'other---the bell rings nine o'clock---but *one more* hand can do no harm---who would go to bed with the chickens? The clock ſtrikes *twelve*---but *one* more hand and I poſitively go; the clock ſtrikes *one*---he ſtarts---damns his luck---but the next evening he'll take another ſip---he ſwears he'll recover what he has loſt

---he marches home, when not an animal ſhould be awake, but owls and rats and thieves.

THE poor man, with a ſcore of barefooted children, breadleſs and naked, works hard for a little meat to ſilence the demands of hunger, and a little wood to warm their naked limbs. But there is a lottery---*a prize of one thouſand dollars!*---and not two blanks to a prize! yes, *one prize* that is worth having, among *nine thouſand* tickets! glorious chance! ---*nine thouſand* to *one* againſt him! But a ticket he muſt have. Four or five days labor, the ſubſiſtence of ſeveral days, muſt be bartered for a ticket! *Nine thouſand* to *one* againſt him! Is this all? No, no. He is anxious for good fortune---he muſt ſtand by and ſee the drawing---a week more loſt---time is money---the price of the ticket is *two* dollars, and it coſts him *four*. The wheel of fortune rolls, and rolls, and rolls him up———*a blank*. But like the grog drinker, who takes the other ſip, he muſt try his luck again. Luckleſs man! *Nine thouſand* to *one* is odds *againſt* him. *One certainty* is better than a *thouſand* lotteries, where *ſome thouſands* of probabilities are againſt a man.

BUT, muſt we diſcourage lotteries when public utility is their object? No. Let every

one

one buy tickets, who is able to pay a tax to the amount of the price.

SUPPOSE a poor man ſaves enough out of his uſual grog expenſes to buy a ticket. This is very well---but it would be better to ſave the money to buy bread and a pair of ſhoes for a ſhoeleſs boy.

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER XV.

Any other Time will do as well.

YES, yes; but are you ſure that *any other* will arrive? or if it ſhould, are you certain you can attend to it? If I hear a man or a woman ſay frequently, *any other time will do as well*, I ſet them down on my liſt, the one as *ſlack, ſlovenly*, the other, a *careleſs, ſlipſhod huſſy*.

CALL on ſuch a man to ſettle his accounts ---"O, I can't attend to it now," ſays the man, "it will do as well *any other time*." Call again---O I am buſy; it will do as well tomorrow, or *any other time*. Call a third and

and a fourth time; but he is never ready. The account ſtands unſettled---it increaſes from year to year---at length death, that ſturdy tyrant, trips up his heels, and lays him flat on his back---his accounts unſettled---his adminiſtrator has work enough upon his hands---for a man who will ſettle his accounts *at any other time*, will generally make his charges in the ſame way---he does not ſet down every article at the time of purchaſe or ſale---he truſts to memory---he can remember the article and price, and charge it at *any other time*---he forgets---makes miſtakes---his books are irregularly kept--they are diſputed--his adminiſtrator has no proof but the books---and other people are alive to ſwear to *their* accounts or produce other evidence---Then begin lawſuits---and when *law* opens the door of litigation, *poverty* follows up cloſe and enters with it. Juries and arbitrators decide theſe diſputes upon vague uncertain evidence---and ſomebody ſuffers the loſs. So much for this *any other time*.

But ſuppoſe a man lives long, as the worſt men generally live the longeſt---why he plagues every one that has any dealings with him---yes, and is eternally haunted himſelf.

The Prompter has heard it ſaid, that *take care of the farthings, the pounds will take care of themſelves*.

themſelves. Now a word upon this, if you pleaſe. Take ſpecial care of little *ſhilling accounts*---they are like the old ſerpent who deceived Eve, *ſly, inſinuating, tempting* things. "How much does it coſt?" is the queſtion whenever an article is to be purchaſed. *A ſhilling* is the anſwer. O, then get it by all means: A *ſhilling* is a *trifle.* It is ſo, but "*ſands form the mountain.*" Look to that, I ſay. The whole evil is, that this *ſhilling* is a *trifle!* A *dollar!* that is *no* trifle---I can't afford a *dollar*---very well---a dollar conſiſts only of the ſmall number of *ſix* ſhillings, and when ſix of theſe little *trifles*, theſe Lilliputian ſhillings are gone---a dollar, that gigantic part of a man's eſtate, is gone.

Now then, in order to baffle the temptations of ſpending ſhillings—ſettle your accounts often---*once a year at leaſt*—for otherwiſe they will ſwell into an unmanageable ſize. Suppoſe four neighbours take a newſpaper in partnerſhip---this makes the expenſe a *trifle*---very good---this is laudable---it is economical. But ſuppoſe you do not *pay* this trifle---How are the printers, and poſt-riders, and paper makers to live? Look ye, my friends--Connecticut river is a large river--but this river is made up of little ſprings that will run through a gimblet hole. When you walk about

about your fields, or traverſe the woods, you ſtep over little brooks, and little gurgling rills, and never think that you are ſtepping over Connecticut river. But remember, if all theſe little rills dry up, Connecticut river is gone. Juſt ſo it is with printers, with merchants, and with the State treaſury. Every ſhilling is a little rill—a ſmall ſtream that runs into the poſt-rider's pocket, or the collector's purſe; a number of theſe little ſtreams, thus united, make a large ſtream, like Farmington and Chickabee rivers; theſe ſtreams empty into the printing office or treaſury, where they form Connecticut river, and keep the buſineſs going on. Now follow nature—little rills run *perpetually*. They *murmur* too, but they *run*, or the river dries up—they never ſtop and ſay, *any other time will do as well.*

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER XVI.

Any other Time will do as well.

NATURE never ſays this. She jogs on without delay, and always does her work in ſeaſon.

THE

THE parſon puts off preparation for Sunday, from Monday to Tueſday, and from Tueſday to Wedneſday, and ſo on to Saturday. He can write a ſermon *at any time*. The firſt of the week ſlides away in viſits—in buſineſs—in amuſements—the laſt of the week is to be devoted to ſtudy---but company, a ſick pariſhioner, and twenty unexpected avocations, break in upon this reſerved part of the week---no preparation is made for the duties of Sunday, until Saturday evening---a genius may yet be tolerably well prepared in a few hours---but how few are the preachers of ſuch genius! Yet even the *dull* have a reſource; an *old* ſermon with a *new* text is juſt as good as a freſh made ſermon---True, for how few would know whether they had heard a ſermon *once*, or a *dozen times*. Happy dullneſs! Like people, like prieſt!

THE doctor has a patient in a dangerous ſituation---he hurries to his relief---he makes no delay. But ſuppoſe his patient has a lingering diſorder---why, ſays the doctor I can viſit him *at any time*. He has aſſigned an hour indeed when he will ſee his patient; but *any other time will do as well*. The patient waits till the hour is paſt---then he becomes *impatient*---if his diſorder is not violent, moſt probably he is croſs and irritable---he

frets

frets at the doctor--and ten to one the doctor loſes his cuſtom. Then the doctor believes with the Prompter, that no time will do ſo well as the *right time.*

The lawyer has ſeveral cauſes in court---he can prepare them for trial *at any time.* Several cauſes ſtand aſſigned for trial before him---he can finiſh the pleadings at any time---by ſome unforeſeen accident, buſineſs takes a new turn---the court urge forward to complete it---his cauſes are called, and they are not ready----a nonſuit----a continuance, or ſome other expenſive alternative is the conſequence.

The farmer's fence is down, and his fields expoſed to his neighbour's cattle---but he has a little job to do firſt---he can repair his fences *at any time*---before his *any time* comes fifty or a hundred ſheep get into his field and eat and trample down his wheat. For want of an hour's work, he loſes ten, fifteen or twenty buſhels of wheat. His apple trees want pruning---but he muſt dreſs his flax before he can do it---warm weather approaches---he will certainly prune his trees in a day or two---but he'll finiſh a little job firſt---before he has done, the ſeaſon is paſt---it is too late to prune his trees---they muſt go another year, *and half his fruit is loſt.*

The

THE lounging houſe-wife riſes in the morning in haſte; for *lazy folks* are ever in a *hurry* ---She has not time to put on her clothes properly; but ſhe can do it *at any time.* She draws on her gown, but leaves it half pinned ---her handkerchief is thrown awry acroſs her neck---her ſhoes down at the heels---ſhe buſtles about with her hair over her eyes---ſhe runs from room to room ſlipſhod, reſolved to *do up the work* and dreſs herſelf---but folks who are ſlipſhod about the feet, are uſually ſlipſhod all over the houſe, and all day; they *begin every thing, and finiſh nothing.* In the midſt of the poor woman's hurry, ſomebody comes in---ſhe is in a flutter---runs into the next room---pins up her gown and handkerchief---hurries back with her heels thumping the floor---O dear, you have catched us all in the ſuds---I intended to have *cleaned up* before any body came in---but I have had every thing to do this morning---in the mean time ſhe catches hold of the broom and begins to ſweep ---the duſt riſes and ſtifles every ſoul preſent. This is ill manners indeed, to bruſh the duſt into a neighbour's face; but the woman is *very ſorry it happens ſo.*

MANY a neighbour has thus been entertained with *apologies* and *duſt* at a friend's houſe,

and wherever this takes place, depend on it, the miſtreſs puts off to *any time*, that is to *no time*, what ought to be done at the *preſent time*.

To Correſpondents.

THE Prompter ſends his reſpects to his correſpondents, with thanks for their aid. As it is his profeſſed buſineſs to *give* good hints, he is cordially diſpoſed to *take* them.

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER XVII.

When a Man's Name is up, he may lie a-bed till Noon.

BUT the Prompter's name is not *half* up ---he can therefore take a ſhort nap only.

OUR good country folks, who talk Engliſh when they mean to ſay a man's fame is ſpread abroad, or his reputation extenſively eſtabliſhed, ſay, *his name is up*, or *he has got his name up*. How bleſſed is the man who has *got his name up*.

EVERY

EVERY body knows how a certain aſtronomer *got his name up* for a great almanack maker, by foretelling ſnow in the month of May. The truth was, in the copy of his almanack, in the month of May, there happened to be a blank ſpace---he caſt about for ſomething to fill the blank ſpace---*ſnow* was the firſt word that occurred, and *ſnow* was written in the blank. Heaven, not by accident, for Heaven has nothing to do with the capricious things called accidents; Heaven had determined there ſhould be ſnow that year in May, and ſnow there was, though the almanack maker had as little foreknowledge of this as his horſe-block---No ſooner did it ſnow, but all the world looked into the almanack---"La, ſays the world, our almanack tells us of ſnow at this very time. This is a knowing man---he is a *genius*." What a lucky hit! The *man's name was up*---no almanacks ſo good as his---and while he continued to make almanacks, Sir Iſaac Newton himſelf would have ſtarved upon almanack making within the fame of this mighty conjuror, whoſe almanacks, by one *mere gueſs*, had *got his name up*, and drove all competitors from the market. When this was done, he might lie a-bed till noon. A *ſingle blunder*, before his *name was up*, would have damned his

almanacks

almanacks---afterwards, fifty errors only gave credit to his work, for, fay the world, great men *may* miſtake, but this *man's name is up.*

I HAVE known a man *get his name up* by curing the belly-ache (excuſe me, ladies, for the ladies in Philadelphia, of the tip top faſhion, call certain rolls of ſweet cake by a much leſs delicate name) with a powder of unknown compoſition. All at once the doctor is ſent for to cure the belly-ache---Even the boys who eat green apples muſt have the belly-ache doctor. Skill, ſcience, wiſdom, prudence, are all proſtrated before that doctor, and his powder. If his patients die, no matter, *his name is up*, and he will ſtill have buſineſs.

IT is a good thing to *get one's name up*; eſpecially for curing ſome diſeaſe that no body elſe can cure---one that is commonly fatal. The more terrifying the diſeaſe, the better; as, the conſumption, or cancers, for example. But the moſt delectable way for the faculty to get up their names, is, to advertiſe as German doctors, to preſcribe for all diſeaſes, by inſpecting a ſample of the water---huſh---But to receive bottles from all quarters!

I ONCE knew a ſhopkeeper who got his name up as a *cheap trader*. He did indeed

ſell

ſell cheap---wondrous cheap---even *below firſt coſt*. He began to trade with *little* capital---ſold goods for leſs than he gave---and yet grew *rich*. How can this be? The Prompter thinks it is very eaſy. That article which every body wants and knows the value of, ſell very low; even lower than the firſt coſt---get your *name up*---draw all the world to your ſhop, and then put double profit on other goods. It is very eaſy and very common; the greateſt blockhead can do this, and make a fortune.

So when a writer gets his *name up*, he may retail all manner of nonſenſe, and it will find a ready market in public opinion. A good eſſay appears in the newſpaper---who wrote it? Dr. Franklin, it is ſaid, wrote it. Well, it is like him---it is a maſterly production. Some time after, the real author appears to be a young man, who, as the poet ſays, is *unknown to fame*; and as I ſay, whoſe *name is not up*---Impoſſible! he cannot be the author. Who ever heard of *him* before? I am ſure Dr. F——— or Gov. L——— helped him---in fact, his *name is not up*.

I WAS once travelling through a neighbouring State, and, enquiring for the beſt inns on the road, was directed to a noted one, whoſe owner had *got his name up* for the *beſt* entertainment. He had a large houſe, well par-

titioned into ſmall rooms for ſingle lodgers. His ſtable was excellent; but the cookery at his table was wretched---mean indeed---I could eat nothing. But every traveller would ſeek this noted inn---he would ride half the night, and paſs half a dozen better houſes, to get to this noted inn---in fact, the man had *got his name up*, and he might lie a-bed till noon.

A YOUNG lady *gets her name up* for a beauty or a fortune---all the world are ſighing and dying for her. Wit, ſenſe, accompliſhments, all diſtinguiſh her---beaux hang round her, like flies about a caſk of ſugar---ſuddenly ſhe has a fit of ſickneſs---the roſes on her cheeks decay. It is diſcovered ſhe has no fortune---her admirers draw off---ſhe is a *clever girl*, but ſhe is not *ſo* clever as I thought her.

I ONCE knew a very ſenſible woman who took a great fancy to names. One of her whims was that her daughters ſhould marry names beginning with *H*. She could give no reaſon for her inclination but this; ſhe had known ſeveral of her neighbors who married men with names beginning with *H*, and they all made good huſbands. They were not the greateſt men, ſhe ſaid, but they were kind good natured huſbands, and would ſuffer any thing rather than be offended. All the neighborhood were in love with the letter *H*---nothing would do for a huſband,

but

but this letter *H*, which ſome ſqueamiſh grammarians will have to be *no* letter. But the name of the letter *was up*.

To conclude, a man by the *name* of Waſhington, ſome time ago paſſed through the village where I live. This was ſoon known---Mr. Waſhington! What, a relation of the Preſident? This indeed was not known; but every body really thought he looked a little like the Preſident. All the world collected to get a peep at him as he paſſed the window of his lodgings—Every body bowed as he paſſed—Every body looked and admired! The man was indeed a very great ſcoundrel---but he knew human nature—he knew the *name of Waſhington was up*—he aſſumed the name for travelling purpoſes—the Preſident's real letters of recommendation could not have procured him more reſpect.

When a man's name is up, he may lie a-bed till noon.

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER XVIII.

What is Every Body's Buſineſs is Nobody's.

THE conſequence is, that *every body* and *nobody* are juſt the ſame thing—a truth moſt pointedly exemplified in the kitchen of a ſouthern

a ſouthern Nabob. "Phil," ſays the miſtreſs, with the air of an empreſs; Phil appears. "Go tell Peg to tell Sue to come along here and pick up a needle." "Yes ma'am," anſwers Phil, and waddles back like a duck. "Peg, miſtreſs ſays you muſt tell Sue to go to her and pick up a needle." Peg carries the meſſage to Sue, but Sue is buſy cleaning a candleſtick. "Well," ſays Sue, "I will go as ſoon as I have done." The miſtreſs wants the needle—ſhe cant go on with her work without the needle—ſhe waits ten or fifteen minutes---grows impatient---"Phil, did you tell Peg what I told you?" "Y--e--s ma'am," ſays Phil, drawling out an anſwer---"Well, why dont the jade do what I told her?" "Peg, come here, you huſſy; did you tell Sue what Phil told you?" "Yes ma'am." "Why don't the lazy trollop come along? Here I am waiting for the needle---tell the jade to come inſtantly."

RISUM teneatis? Hold, my readers don't know Latin, but can you help laughing, my friends? laugh then at the ſouthern Nabob with twenty fat ſlaves in his kitchen---Laugh well at him, for there is cauſe enough; then come *home* and laugh.

YOU want a good ſchool, perhaps---and ſo do your neighbours: But whoſe buſineſs is it

to

to find a teacher, a houſe, &c.? "John, I wiſh you would ſpeak to William to aſk Joſeph to deſire our friend Daniel to ſet about getting a good ſchool. We want one very much; it is a ſhame to us to be ſo negligent." This is the laſt we hear of the good ſchool. *What is every body's buſineſs is nobody's.*

You want to collect the public taxes into the treaſury of the State. The towns chooſe conſtables or collectors of taxes---no ſecurity is taken for the faithful diſcharge of the truſt ---but a law is paſſed which ſays, like the miſtreſs to her wenches, Treaſurer, do you tell the conſtable to collect and pay over the taxes---the collector, like the nabob's ſlave, has no motive for diligence---he gets not half enough for collecting to pay for his horſe fleſh ---he lounges about a year or two---ſquanders away the money---and where is his bondſman? The town; right, the town is his bondſman. The law ſays, Treaſurer, do you iſſue your execution againſt the Sheriff, and command him to levy upon the conſtable, who is not worth a farthing---get a return of *non eſt inventus*---then levy upon his bondſman, the town---take the eſtate of *every body*---poſt it for ſale---get it receipted---and *not delivered*---ſue the receiptſman---get the money---make the town pay twice---£.27,000 in arrears;---

it

it is a ſhame!---O ſuch a buſtle with Mr. Every body, and all to pick up a *needle!* The State is like the Nabob's family---"Phil, tell Peg to tell Sue to pick up the needle."

Now in fact it is a very eaſy thing to pick up a needle---but if one cannot ſtoop to pick it up, another ought to be *paid* for it. One ſervant who is paid for his work will pick up more needles than twenty fat lounging ſlaves that think it a drudgery and get nothing for it.

It would be a good thing for a State to know that *every body's buſineſs is nobody's. Every man* in Connecticut is reſponſible for a faithful collection of public money---then it is *nobody's buſineſs.* The Prompter never ſaw a watch with *two main ſprings*---much leſs with *two hundred. One* ſpring is enough---and that government, the executive of which depends on *many* ſprings, will jar, claſh, ſtop, and be forever out of order---£.27,000 in arrears.

Appoint *one Collector*---the Treaſurer---make him anſwerable for the collection of the whole State revenue. Let him appoint his deputies---let them be *few*, but let them be *paid*---all the difficulty will vaniſh---one ſpring will move the whole—the State Treaſury, like the Federal, will be ſupplied—no arrears then—no levying executions on towns.

THE

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER XIX.

When a Man is going Down Hill, every one gives him a Kick.

THIS, it is ſaid, is very *natural;* that is it is very *common.* There are two reaſons for this—Firſt, it is much eaſier to kick a man *down hill*, than to puſh him *up hill*—Second, men love to ſee every body at the bottom of the hill but *themſelves.*

DIFFERENT men have different ways of climbing into rank and office. Some bold fellows take a run and mount at two or three ſtrides. Others of *leſs vigor* uſe *more art*—they creep ſlily along upon their bellies, catching hold of the cliffs and twigs to pull themſelves up—ſometimes they meet a high rock and are obliged to crawl round it—at other times they catch hold of a prominent cliff or a little twig, which gives way, and back they tumble, ſcratching their clothes and ſometimes their ſkin. However it is, very few will lift their neighbors—unleſs to get a lift themſelves. Yet ſometimes one of theſe crawlers will lend a hand to their neighboring crawlers—

ers—affect to pull hard to raiſe them all a little—then getting upon their ſhoulders, give a leap to an eminence, and leave them all in the lurch, or kick them over. The moment one begins to tumble, every one who is near hits him a kick.

But no people get ſo many kicks as poor debtors in failing circumſtances. While a man is *doing very well*, that is, while his credit is good, every one helps him---the moment he is preſſed for money, however honeſt and able he may be, he gets kicks from all quarters. His friends and his reputation deſert him with the loſs of his purſe, and he ſoon tumbles to the bottom of the hill.

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER XX.

I told you ſo.

WHAT a wiſe man is this *I!* He foreſees all evils, and tells when and how they will happen He warns *every* one of *every* misfortune that ever falls upon him---after the miſchief is done, he ſtruts and ſays with a boaſting

boasting superiority, *I told you so*, though perhaps he never said a word about it, until the thing happened.

It is warm weather---a man buys a quarter of veal or mutton---he deliberates whether he had better hang it up in the buttery or in the cellar---he does not know whether the heat *above* stairs, or the damp air *below*, is most injurious to fresh meat---finally he puts it into the buttery---his wife knows nothing of this; but the next day the meat is spoiled---the husband says, "My dear, the meat is spoiled." "Where was it put?" says the good woman. "In the buttery." "Aye, *I told you so*," says the wife.

"My dear," says the wife, one very pleasant day, not a cloud to be seen; "I shall visit Mrs. such a one to day; will you come and drink tea and wait on me home?" The husband pouts a little---but the woman makes her visit---in the afternoon a shower comes over, and the earth is covered with water---in the evening the woman comes in dripping with water---her husband meets her at the door, exulting, *Aye, I told you so;* but you are always gossipping about.

A young man is going to take a ride---it is fine weather, and he thinks it useless to take a great coat---a shower comes upon him suddenly and he gets wet---he comes home at evening, and is met at the door with this consoling address, *I told you so.*

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER XXI.

"Carpe diem." HORACE.

"*Take Time by the Forelock.*"——*Plain Eng.*

THERE is a mighty difference between going *before* and *behind;* between *pulling* and *being pulled.* He who *takes time by the forelock,* goes before and helps the draft; but the man who does not, is like a horſe tied to the tail end of a cart, pulling back with all his weight.

TIME is a ſturdy beaſt, and ſteady to the draft; he will drag along the heavieſt ſluggard that ſnores and nods; but what a figure a man makes, tied by the head to Apollo's chariot.

THE drone awakes in the morning---looks at the ſun---"O, it is only an hour high"---down he lays his head. In ſummer the flies diſturb him; they light on his face and buz about his ears; as much as to ſay, *get up, you lazy fellow.* He bruſhes off the litte buſy monitors, ſwears at them, covers his face, or darkens the room; then ſleeps in quiet. At length his bones ache---he ſhifts ſides and tries hard to lie eaſy; but all will not do---by the middle of the forenoon, he is forced to leave his bed---he riſes up *on end* (but how the mid-

dle

dle of a man can be called *an end*, the Prompter ſubmits to the conſideration of learned wordmongers) he ſcratches his head---he gapes---after much ado, the man is up and dreſſed. He gets his breakfaſt, and then, has an *hour* or *two* for buſineſs before dinner. The man is dragged along by time, and his buſineſs drags heavily after him. Is he a merchant? Cuſtomers call before he is up and go away as they come. One good bargain after another is loſt, while the man is ſnoring. Is he a mechanic? His apprentices follow his example---they doze away the morning; or get up and loiter about. Work is *not* done, or it is *ill* done, and the man loſes his cuſtom.

Is he a farmer? While he is abed, the ſun warms the air, and dries the earth. He loſes the benefit of ploughing the earth with the dew on, or of cutting the graſs when it is moiſt and cuts eaſy. Sometimes his cattle break into a field of corn and deſtroy the crop, while the drone is rolling from ſide to ſide to eaſe his bones, or bruſhing off the flies which interrupt his ſleep. Is he a public officer? He is everlaſtingly hurried, ſo that he cannot do any buſineſs. "Call another time, call again," is his anſwer to every man who wants buſineſs done. Do you want a paper or a copy, "O, I can't attend to it now, you muſt call again." Such a man *never takes time by the forelock.*

THE

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER XXII.

She carries the Bell.

OUR honeſt farmers, who turn their cattle and ſheep into the woods, put a bell upon one of the ſtouteſt of the herd, which is ſaid *to carry the bell*; and the reſt of the flock uſually follow their leader. So a lady of uncommon beauty or ſprightlineſs is ſaid *to carry the bell.* She is eaſily found, and has a large herd in her train.

THIS *carrying the bell* has a wonderful effect in procuring notice and admiration. It is like *getting one's name up.* The lady who arrives at the honor of *carrying the bell*, may do and ſay what ſhe pleaſes with impunity.—Like the bell wether in the woods, wherever ſhe goes, even through ſwamps and rivers and briars, all the herd will very ſtupidly follow.

A LADY who *carries the bell* will have a crowd of flatterers about her; every one is her moſt humble ſervant. One will court her a few weeks—ſhe will ſmile till the man is half diſtracted—then ſhe will frown on him and ſmile on another. Sometimes ſhe gives hopes that her heart and hand will be ſurrendered to her fond lover—then all at once ſhe can *ſuit herſelf better.* She makes a dozen ninies dance attendance for years—till at laſt

ſhe

she loses her character and her admirers at once, or gives her hand with a worthless, fickle, proud, unfeeling heart, to some good man of great simplicity of intentions. Here we have a pretty couple yoked together for life. But look ye, young bachelors; a lady who *carries the bell* before marriage, always *carries the fore end of the yoke* after marriage. An officer who has long commanded a regiment, is not easily reduced to the ranks. Astonishing!. Can the Prompter wish a wife to be reduced to the ranks; subdued, humbled, commanded by her husband, like a soldier by his officers! No, no, my dear good woman; but will a *captain* lieutenant, submit to be *second* lieutenant? Ah, there's the rub.

How charming it is to carry the bell! every body who comes to town, must call upon the lady who carries the bell; just call at least, so as to say, when he gets home, "I saw Miss ———, the belle of the town, and she looked and acted so and so." Every man who is going to Boston, to New York, to Philadelphia, must call on Miss ———, pay their respects, and beg the favour to be permitted to carry a letter from her to her friend. If she does not want to write, she must write a line at least---it is such an honor---a happiness for every body to speak *to* her---to speak *of* her---and carry a letter which *she* wrote. O the pleasures, the advantages, and the *vexations* of carrying the bell.

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER XXIII.

He is Sowing his Wild Oats.

AND a plentiful crop they will produce. It is expected of a young man, that he will ſow *all* his wild oats, when young; but the miſchief is, that a man who begins life with ſowing *wild* oats, ſeldom ſows a better kind, in middle life and old age.

MANY a man has been ruined by an indulgent parent. He has a *ſprightly turn*, as it is called---he likes a good frolick---he plays a good game---he is not malicious in his vices; in ſhort, his father ſays, he is only *ſowing his wild oats*---he therefore does not reſtrain him or put him to buſineſs---the young man makes free with gaming and the bottle---at firſt he is moderate in his pleaſures---he does not get drunk nor break windows. After ſowing wild oats a year or two, he loves it better than ever---he gambles deeper---he leaves his quarter of a dollar a corner for a dollar, and a dollar for a joe. He drinks more as his head bears it better---he ſtays later at night---at length he knows no bounds---he gets drunk---he overſets tables and chairs, and breaks windows and wine glaſſes---and this is ſport---fun up to the eyes---and if the poor landlord interferes

terferes to keep order, he has broken glaſſes and bowls at his head---he retreats---and in the morning finds his houſe a ſcene of deſolation. In ſhort, the young blade has been *ſowing his wild oats*. A heavy bill for broken tumblers, glaſſes and chairs, follows the frolick. But what then? muſt a man never have a frolick, a ſcrape, a riot? What a poor pitiful mouſe of a man is he that always keeps ſober and ſtays at home; or ſits ſimpering and whimpering with ladies! Can a man of buſineſs, or ſtudy, be a gentleman, or a clever fellow?

THE young buck ſows his wild oats till he is a maſter of the buſineſs---he does it with a grace---a habit is formed---ah, then let him quit it if he can. O habit! thou ſtickeſt to a man like his ſhadow or a guilty conſcience.

BUT *reformed rakes* make the *beſt huſbands*." Upon the honor of the Prompter, it may be ſo; but ſuch an animal as a *reformed rake*, is as rare as camels or lions in America. The ſight of one would command as good a price as that of the Ourang Outang. The creature is like *patriotiſm*, much talked about and often praiſed; but never ſeen.

THE man who is indulged freely in ſowing his wild oats when young, generally ſows them all his days. But ſuppoſe he does not; where is the advantage of ſowing them at all?

"None,

"None, will be the anſwer: But young folks all have follies they muſt get rid of." True; but in getting rid of *follies*, look to them well, that they do not acquire *vices*. Habit ſticks faſt to a man like his ſkin; look to that, ſays the Prompter.

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER XXIV.

He would have his own Way.

AND no way is ſo good as *mine*. The queſtion is not whether this or that is the *better* way, but whether it is *my* way or *your* way. Orthodoxy is *my* doxy, and heterodoxy is *your* doxy.

IF a man is ſucceſsful in an undertaking, every neighbour he has cries out, Ah, I thought ſo, that is *my* way. If unſucceſsful, every one ſays, Ah, I told him ſo, but he *would* have his *own* way.

SAID a very complying huſband to his wife, "Shall I put the winter apples into the eaſt or weſt cellar." "Juſt which you pleaſe," ſaid the wife; "you know which is beſt." In the winter the apples froze and were ſpoiled; the good lady found it out, and complained to her huſband, "My dear, the apples are all froze and ſpoilt; you put hem into the wrong cellar; but you would have your *own* way."

"SUSY,"

"SUSY," fays a careful mother to her daughter, who is going to church, "it is cold; had'nt you better wear a cloak?" "Why, ma'am," fays Sufy, "I will do as you pleafe; if you think it beft I will wear one." "Well, I don't know, Sufy, what to fay; people hardly ever catch cold by going to church. You may venture to go without it, Sufy." Sufy goes to church, gets very wet, and in two days is quite laid up with a cold. "Ah, Sufy," fays the kind mother, "I fpoke to you about wearing a cloak; but you *would* have your *own* way."

"FATHER," fays John, "fhall I go to mowing to day?" "Why John," fays the old gentleman, "won't it rain; I fhould be forry to have the grafs cut, if it is going to rain;" but John goes to mowing. Soon after, the clouds are diffipated and a fine clear day follows. "Ah John," fays the father, "I am glad you went to mowing; for I thought we fhould have a good day after fuch a lowry morning."

"HUSBAND," faid a pious lady, "let us bring up our fon to college and make a minifter of him. We have but one, and I want him to preach." The fon goes to college—there he learns that fome other profeffions are better calculated to get money, than that of clergymen. He leaves college and ftudies law.

The

The good lady's hopes are defeated, and in her vexation she declares she is sorry her son went to college. But, addressing herself to her husband, "you *would* have your *own way*."

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER XXV.

If I was he.

AH! what if you was? Why I would do so and so. No, sir, under the same circumstances, you would do just like him or worse.

"If I was a minister," says a well meaning parishioner, and had as little to do as most ministers have, I would study my sermons better. I would not come into the pulpit without a sermon, and have to make one as I go along; nor would I preach one of Blair's."

"If I was a lawyer," says a farmer, "I should not have the face to ask three dollars for a few words of advice!" But suppose, sir, you had spent five hundred pounds in qualifying yourself to give that advice?

"If I was Mr. such a one I would not be plagued with law suits as he is. I am sure he might avoid it."

"Neighbour

"NEIGHBOUR such a one has a large farm —he owns a large ſtock of cattle—but he lives wretchedly in his houſe. His wife is a drozzle, his floors are an inch thick with dirt—his tables and chairs are covered with greaſe—*If I was he*, I would put things into better order, or *I'd know the reaſon why*."

ALAS, poor man, wait till you have a ſlut for a houſekeeper, and then change your tone.

"IF I was a ſhopkeeper, I would not meanly underſell my neighbours, nor would I give credit. I am ſure I ſhould not be guilty of the dirty buſineſs of dealing out jills of rum to every low lived fellow."

"IF I was ſuch a one," ſays a young man, "I would not marry ſuch a lady, for depend on it, ſhe will be a Xantippe. *If I was he*, I am ſure I could not love her."

"IF I was a married man," ſays an old bachelor, "I would govern my children, or I'd know the reaſon why. There is neighbour ſuch a one who ſuffers his children to do all manner of miſchief, and if a word of reproof is uttered, the little fellows laugh in his teeth." Bachelor's children are always well governed.

WHAT a pity, that ſince the world is ſo bad, this Mr. *I*, who is ſo wiſe and benevolent, cannot turn into *every body*, and correct every body's vices and follies—then change from every body into *I* again, and correct *I*'s *own* vices and follies.

THE

THE PROMPTER.

NUMBER XXVI.

It is just as the Fit takes him.

THAT is, he goes by fits and starts. Whenever you meet with one of these fitty starting folks, keep out of his way; he will embrace you most cordially, one moment; but if a cat treads on his foot, or his servant, by mistake, hands a bottle of claret instead of port, he will scold and fret himself an hour about it.

THESE people who go by fits and starts, are generally better companions abroad than at home. They vent all their spleen at their families. One hour they are all goodness and love; the next, they are as inaccessible as hedgehogs. "My dear," says the husband, when the fit takes him, "you have an excellent dinner prepared. This leg of mutton and the caper sauce are most excellent." He has a change of plates, and takes a bit of beef steak—"What in the name of common sense does the woman mean, by suffering such a steak to come upon the table? cries the husband. It is as tough as soal leather—it is not fit for dogs. My dear, I wish you would see the dinner cooked and brought on in order. This is intolerable—I never saw so bad a dinner

ner any where but at home." Poor woman, ſhe makes a good apology—the fault was in the beef and not in the cookery. But the huſband is in a rage and will not be appeaſed. He goes by fits and ſtarts. In five minutes he tries a cuſtard; and "never was better cookery than at his houſe." *It is juſt as the fit takes him.*

A WOMAN forms an acquaintance with a young man of ſmall fortune, but great merit—ſhe eſteem him—treats him with much politeneſs and reſpect—he is, ſhe really thinks, a worthy man—but ſhe finally perceives he has an attachment to her daughter—"Intolerable! What, *he* love my daughter! How does he expect to maintain her in a ſuitable ſtyle?" The man has not half the merit he had—in her opinion—It won't do: ſhe goes by fits and ſtarts. What a *reſpectable* character muſt this be!

BUT of all whimſical ſorts of people thoſe are moſt ſo, who are *religious by fits and ſtarts.* They lengthen their faces at church—draw down the corners of their mouths—lift their eye brows and ſcowl—The next day they torment their families with groundleſs complaints, fretting and ill nature; peeviſh at home and probably knaviſh abroad. *It is juſt as the fit takes them.*

THE PROMPTER.—NUMBER XXVII.

A Stitch in Time ſaves Nine.

NOT merely in ſtockings; it holds in every article in buſineſs.

A WOMAN wants to uſe a diſh, a ſpoon, a pail, a tumbler, or ſomething elſe. When ſhe is done for that time, ſhe does not clean it, for ſhe will put it up dirty and wait till ſhe has a number of articles to clean. By and by every thing is dirty, and half a day muſt be devoted to waſhing and ſcrubbing; whereas had every thing been cleaned at firſt, ſeparately, it would only have filled up little vacancies of time which would not otherwiſe have been employed—the time never would have been perceived. Every thing that is left dirty, tends to ſour ſomething about it—a few dirty articles in the cloſet make it neceſſary to clean and ſcrub the whole, as often again as would otherwiſe be neceſſary. *A ſtitch in time ſaves nine.*

A MAN ſees a poſt of his fence falling; *one* poſt commands but little attention; the fence will anſwer for this ſummer. The next ſpring the froſt heaves the land, and looſens half a dozen poſts near it, and the weight of the leaning fence pulls it down, and half a dozen lengths with it.

A CLAPBOARD gets looſe, or a ſhingle, upon his

his house. One clapboard off can do no great injury, says the man—he neglects it—but rain and snow get in unperceived—and in a year or two *twenty clapboards* are rotten and fall off by wholesale. "Ah says the man, this has been neglected too long. All this might have been saved with a few minutes trouble." True, but it is too late to shut the door when the horse is stolen. *A stitch in time saves nine.*

A LAWYER, or a public officer, has papers to be filed. One after another is handed in, and he throws them into the desk, waiting for a large number, and then he will arrange them in order. Before he is ready, somebody calls and wants to look at a paper—The man tumbles over the papers an hour or two, and after all can't find it—but he will file them soon, and then he will be ready to show any paper whatever. *Pray call again*, is all the man gets for calling.

BUT in no article does *a stitch in time* save so much as in government. One public officer neglects his duty a little;—another cheats a little; but these peccadillos are overlooked—the mischief is not great—the *public* does not feel it—and *individuals* will not inform, for they will make some scoundrel their enemy. At last a thousand *little* evils swell into a great *public* one—the public is cheated, betrayed—abused—but where's the remedy?

THE

THE PROMPTER.—NUMBER XXVIII.

He has come out at the Little End of the Horn.

WHEN a man thrives and ſwells large, he comes out at the big end of the horn of courſe; but when he pines away in poverty, he may very well ſlip through the little end.

A YOUNG man often has eyes bigger than his belly. He lays out great plans, which he has feeble means and ſmall talents to accompliſh. He begins a hundred things which he does not finiſh—he plants his ſeed ſo thick, that the growth of the whole crop is checked, and it produces nothing in perfection. In a ſhort time his means are totally exhauſted, and *he comes out at the little end of the horn.*

A MAN begins trade upon credit; as ſoon as he gets money into his hands, he begins to ſpend it—he builds a large houſe—he buys horſes and carriages, makes entertainments, drinks rich wines, and wears expenſive clothing; in a few months *he creeps out of the horn at the little end.* He runs away, or looks through the grates.

A YOUNG man with a good trade, or a ſmall farm, deſigns to live eaſier than by work. He begins to trade in horſes, indigo, pins and combs. He goes two hundred miles with his ſaddle bags loaded with commodities; he barters them away for horſes; he leads home

three

three or four horſes; he makes a ſmall advance on each, it is true; but he forgets to eſtimate, among profits and loſſes, the conſtant expenſes of himſelf and horſes, the uncommon wear and tear of clothes, horſe equipage, and the accidents to which horſes are liable, and the uncertainty of market before the horſes have eaten out half their value. The four-penny grogs, and three-penny horſe baitings are overlooked—he purſues the buſineſs, till he is ſued—he wonders why he does not make money. At laſt he is jockied out of the little eſtate he had—*he is out at the little end of the horn.* By the way, a word to horſe jockies—the buyer of horſes who ſtays at home and waits for horſes to be brought to him for market, buys them *to advantage.* But the buyer who goes after them, and courts the ſale of horſes, buys them at *a diſadvantage.* It makes an immenſe difference to have the propoſal come from the *ſeller*, rather than the *purchaſer.*

When a farmer runs to the merchant for goods, telling him, "Sir, I want ſome of your goods, but cannot pay you till fall," I expect to ſee him peep *out at the little end of the horn.* He takes up goods, perhaps rum, on credit, and intends to pay for them with his corn, his beef, and his pork. But ſuppoſe a drought, or a blaſt, cuts off his corn, and his graſs is ſhort; then he has none to ſpare, and he cannot fatten his hogs and his cattle. Poor

man, he has consumed the merchant's goods, and they are not paid for. Then a suit is brought for the money; officers' fees increase the sum; the man borrows money on interest to pay the execution, or parts with a horse, or a cow at half price; in a short time his land must go at this rate; *he slips out at the little end of the horn*, and runs to the Ohio, or the Genesee.

But no men go out at the little end of the horn, so easy as the tavern hunter, and the grog drinker. A fat young heir, just come in possession of his estate, mounts his horse, with his pocket full of guineas, and rides full tilt to the tavern. Here he is—look at him——

He worſhips Bacchus twenty years, night and day. He takes his cheerful glaſs of wine at firſt, with very good company. He ſcorns to drink grog and toddy, with the rabble. He once in a while gets tumbled under the table in a high gale; but in general, goes home ſober and clean.

By and by the ſmell of grog becomes agreeable—he begins to take a nip now and then—his reliſh improves by little and little, till he never ſteps into a tavern without calling for a glaſs of rum and water. When this is the caſe, his ſituation is deſperate—to be in character, he muſt love dirty women—he muſt ſneak about into kitchens and by places, into barns and back chambers, in ſearch of his filthy game. In a few years he becomes a ſot, a naſty debauchee—his clothes are torn and ſtained with liquor, and ſpotted with greaſe—his body bent down with intemperance—his gouty feet ſwathed in flannel—his hands trembling—his bloated noſe of crimſon hue—and his knees tottering beneath his feeble emaciated carcaſs.—Here he is—look at him.

There

THERE! The Prompter appeals to every reader, man, woman, and child, whether this ſorry fellow has not come *out at the little end of the horn.*

A MAN wants to be popular—he knows he has but ſmall talents, and no great integrity—but he can ſmile and flatter, and look ſweet at every body, whether knave, fool, or honeſt man. He continues to play off his arts till the mob cry, *he is a clever man, he is not proud*—They then begin to lift him; make him a ſelectman, moderator of town meetings, tavern keeper, conſtable, juſtice of the peace, colonel of a regiment, repreſentative in the aſſembly, &c. He

is aiming at the Senate, or at Congreſs, or at the chair of the chief magiſtrate. He expects to pop in at the next election—he doubles his ſmiles—but even fools diſcover his arts and his meanneſs—they neglect him—one young man after another goes over his head—he frets and wriggles awhile, but his hobby horſe cannot carry him a ſtep further—He gives over the purſuit—and ſits down quiet in obſcurity—*He is out at the little end of the horn.*

It is laughable to ſee the admirers of quacks, mountebanks, and jugglers, ſneak out *at the little end of the horn.* Dr. Silverhead has juſt come to town—he cures all diſorders—he never yet failed—he has a medicine at a quarter of a dollar, which is infallible—he can turn unguentum, diaculum, and every ſort of drug into ſilver or gold—he changes quick-ſilver into dollars in half a minute—he will cure all diſeaſes but death, and make us rich by the great—he is generous and benevolent beyond deſcription—he will take *no reward*, but as many *preſents* as fools will give—all the world go out after the quack—he thrives upon their ignorance and credulity for a ſhort time—he draws the laſt nine pence from the purſes of his poor deluded followers—he then takes a journey on *buſineſs of magnitude*; and leaves them in the lurch. *They are all out at the little end of the horn.*

Miss

Miss Smart is not a lady of fortune, but her father is a good liver—he has a good estate, and has given his children a good education. Miss Smart gets above her schoolmates—dresses well, and has the visits and notice of good company. She is addressed by a young man of no fortune, but of good education and character. "But she will not marry *him*; not she. She must have a man of higher standing than all that." One good offer after another is rejected. She does not know how to choose a man that *will be* rich and respectable—but she or any body else can know when a man *is called* rich. Every body wonders why Miss Smart cannot suit herself out of so many admirers. She is growing old—*five and twenty already*—and has not found the man to her mind. Still she is nice—she has not seen any body she can love—and it is better to live single, than to marry the man one cannot *fancy*. By the way, *fancy*, she supposes, will be a standing dish to feed upon through life. But a word to the wise—fancy is froth—a little family breeze blows it away and it is gone——Miss Smart is *almost* thirty, and has seen nobody to suit her.—Her admirers are gone—her friends are sorry she is difficult—her enemies *pity her and rejoice*. *At five and thirty* Miss Smart marries a widower with seven children, and this is the last

we

we hear of her whims and her proſpects. *She creeps through the little end of the horn.*

A MECHANIC begins buſineſs with pompous promiſes—he will work *very reaſonably* indeed, and his work ſhall exceed every thing of the kind. He gives his work a fine poliſh, a good gloſs, and ſends it out to ſatisfy his engagements and gratify public expectation. In a few days one article breaks—then another, and a third—this is the man with fine ſpeeches and promiſes—his credit is ſoon gone—*he is out at the little end of the horn.*

THE merchant is determined to get rich very faſt—he imports rum—high proof—it will bear reducing—he reduces it—He ſells it for good Weſt India rum—it is carted into the country—and lo! it is only ſtrong grog. The purchaſer curſes the rum, and the ſeller of it together; the merchant loſes his credit and cuſtom—gets the name of a jockey—a cheat—and people will go to others for their rum—even to other towns, for *one dirty trick* gives a *whole town a bad name.* A man ſmall enough to barter away his character and that of his neighbours, for a few gallons of rum, will eaſily *ſlip through the little end of the horn.*

ANOTHER ſet of men, who moſt readily ſlip through the ſmall end of the horn, are fat, plump, ſpeculating doctors, tailors, carpenters, huckſters, and butchers. "Bleſs me,"

ſays

ſays the tailor, "*ſix per cent above par, bank ſcrips at one hundred and eighty dollars!* Every body is making a fortune---it muſt be ſo---for what elſe makes the paper ſo high, and every body bewitched after it?" This is the beginning and end of his calculation---he throws down his gooſe---hurries to the exchange or the broker's, and buys ſtock---and to make ſure of a fortune, *cuts deep*---fifty ſhares in the bank, at one hundred and eighty, or two hundred and forty dollars, for twenty five! A fortune---A fortune! His head is ſo full of good fortune, that he cannot ſleep for a night or two---Even his wife runs diſtracted at the thoughts of a fortune! In four days time, ſtock falls two, three, five hundred per cent---it ſubſides to that natural level, from which a hundred men of his *fortune* cannot ſtir it---Alas! the man is ruined in making a fortune! He creeps through *the little end of the horn*---but there is one comfort for him---he is as well off as his neighbours. Half the town is taken in as well as himſelf---*Ne ſutor ultra crepidam*---tailor ſtick to your gooſe.

CONCLUSION.

THE Prompter, for fear he ſhall come out at the little end of the horn, ſtops ſhort, with ſincerely wiſhing his readers, *virtue, health* and *dollars.*

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